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Allegiances

Help. Need more GifClan members. Please comment Gifs below

Also, comment your favorite YouTubers if you wanted them added to YouTubeClan :)

Allegiances

MemeClan

Leader: Pepestar - Green tom with very varied emotions

Deputy: Kardashiancry - Large fluffy tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes. Always upset

Medicine Cat: Badluck - Orange/brown tom with lots of spots. Former kittypet named Brian

Warriors:

Cenaclaw - Strong muscular tom with tan skin and beautiful blue eys

Legitleg - dappled she-cat with oddly long legs and green eyes

Twentyone - Black furred tom with twenty-one white spots and amber eyes

Nikedoit - Weird looking tom with green eyes

Floppyears - brown-headed cat with a body that somehow blends in with literally everything.

Mahboi - Blue and black she-cat with amber eyes

Moreknow - A shooting rainbow she-cat with yellow eyes

Drunkhome - Tipsy sounding tom-cat with a twisted paw. Beautiful calico markings

Goodguygreg - Nobody knows what he looks like

Penguinnoot - A tuxedo tom with brilliant blue eyes and an orange muzzle

Spongecave - Yellow tom-cat with grey eyes and a really annoying voice

Moonmoon - The one everybody hates. Pure white with white eyes and glowing fur

Darudestorm - Looks kinda like Sandstorm, but Darude style

Moneypaws - gray tabby tom that likes to throw stuff while saying "make it rain".

Deadclappper - Ginger-and-black mottled tom who claps his paws a lot.

Apprentices:

Trappaw - Tan and grey she-cat with grey eyes. Has a very masculine voice

Fatherpaw - Pure black tom with a large mask over his head

Datpaw - Green tom with very large blue eyes. Knows how to ride a unicycle

Queens:

Bigbooty - Beautiful pink she-cat with a big tan ass. Expecting kits

Dogekit - Looks like a Shiba inu with amber eyes. She-cat

Elders:

Flopfall - White transgender with black face and green eyes. Will

flop down every time you say 'everyone do the flop.'

FanClan

Leader: Warriorstar - A large ginger she-cat who has multiple personality disorder. Claims to be four cats in one body.

Deputy: Harrywizard - A handsome brown tom with a lightning bolt scar down his forehead. Claims to receive prophecies every two seconds.

Medicine Cat: Graydoctor - A gray she-cat who over-complicates everything and like doing hardcore surgeries.

Warriors:

Percygod - A handsome brown tabby tom who claims to be the son of Rock.

Undercaves - Black she-cat who starts each day by being average, always angry, or very peaceful and calm.

Fairytail - A pale gray she-cat who often fights with Harrywizard.

Katnisstail - Small brown she-cat who runs away too much.

Divergentheart - Black tom who likes to categorize everything into fours.

Fiftyshades - Flirty brown tom who acts like everyone is lesser than he and likes starting fights.

Jedisword - Dark furred tom with narrow yellow eyes and a tendency to turn his tail into a flaming plasma beam of energy.

Minecraft - Strange gray she-cat who was once named "Minepaw".

Owlguard - Quiet brown-and-white tom who no one ever recognizes.

Apprentices

Lorienpaw - White she-cat who likes numbers.

Ringspaw - Some random brown tom who likes rings.

Mortalpaw - Cute black she-cat with dainty white paws.

Queens

Twilightshimmer - Pretty brown-and-white she-cat who always falls in love and names her kits crazy names.

Thirtynine - Mysterious black she-cat who often leaves clues.

Elders

Pridepelt - Fancy she-cat with a broken paw who speaks in Old English.

Bibleface - A black-and-white tom who quotes the Bible and doesn't believe in StarClan.

GifClan

Leader: Spiderstar - Large leggy tom with brown eyes that is deathly scared of spiders. Formerly Spidernope

Deputy: Lananope - Dark skinned she-cat with blue eyes. Has a habit of saying 'noooope.'

Medicine Cat: Respectathority - Fat tanned tom-cat with green eyes

Warriors:

Infinity - Don't ask.

Nyancat - Rainbow shecat with purple eyes

Rule34 - Weird tom with yellow fur and cream eyes

YouTubeClan

Leader: Pewdiestar: A handsome tom with long brown fur who swears a lot.

Deputy: Smoshface: A slightly ugly gray tom who uses old and not

funny jokes.

Medicine Cat: Bananagirl: Crazy ginger she-cat who hates eating prey and pushes cats to only eat herbs. Is very rude and attacking.

Warriors

Superwoman - Dark brown she-cat who relates to everyone and hates Air Canada.

Diamondlab - Blue-furred tom who talks in a British accent and befriends all the predators.

Minecartdan - Weird blue tom that claims that everything is made out of blocks

MatPat - That one tom who theorises on everything

Hellobee - A light brown-and-black she-cat who has an Australian accent.

Markscare- Red tom with brown eyes. Loves to jumpscare people

Potatojack - Light green tom with purple eyes. Has a thick Irish voice.

Shadowkitty - Pink she-cat with blue eyes.

Apprentices

Finepaw - Blue tom who reacts very loudly.

Jennapaw - Pretty brown she-cat with blue eyes and a fascination with dogs.

Elders

Punchwood: Elderly brown-furred tom with excellent survival skills.

Cinemasinner - Mysterious black tom who talks in a strange narrator voice and points out everyone's mistakes.

Nigahiga - Pale brown tom with brown eyes.

Chapter 1 ~ Datpaw can't hunt

Silver here with the worst book

🤍Chapter 1🤍

The wind blew in the small cat's eyes. His muscles rippled under his emerald pelt. His gaze did not waver on the small rodent in front of him. He dragged his paws forwards, not making the slightest noise. As the sun shined down on him, he smiled, loosing concentration for a second. The rustling of the white creature brought him back to reality. *I'm going to loose it!* The small tom-cat thought frantically. He leaped for the rodent; the poor mouse didn't have time before it was swiftly killed.

"Datpaw," the green cat's mentor, Grumpywhisker, murmured in disapproval "Your attention is worse than a blind hedgehog."

Datpaw sighed. His mentor constantly berated him over the smallest of things. "This is your warrior assessment, not a lemon party." Datpaw's face scrunched up in disgust. That phrase just popped up one day and Grumpywhisker just started using it.

Grumpywhisker sighed dramatically. "Pepestar would hate me if you failed your assessment." His melodramatic sigh turned into a sneer. "You have until sunhigh to catch as much prey as you can." The annoyed mentor snarled and bounded away.

Datpaw found the next few hours easy. His green pelt camouflaged perfectly in MemeClan territory and prey naturally were attracted to him. As the sun was at its highest, Datpaw managed to catch a large rabbit, a pheasant and three squirrels. He looked glumly at the pile. His father, the great Pepestar, founded MemeClan and made it the best clan ever. He was perfect, strong and handsome in every way. Every battle they fought with GifClan was won easily.

Sometimes you win some, sometimes you lose some. Datpaw remembered the one story of his father, how he caught a hawk as a

kit! A kit! The tom-cat knew that he would never be like his father, no matter how hard he tried.

As Grumpywhisker came up to the apprentice, the sun shone brightly as if to say, 'Fighting Time!' Datpaw felt even more glum. He was good at fighting. Too good. Everyone always shot him looks of envy. Pepestar was amazing at everything, but his only weakness was Datpaw's strength.

As Datpaw started to trudge through the forest to the fighting cave, a sharp 'mreoow' rang out in the forest. "My fur! My beautiful fur!" The shrill cry continued. "I-It's so... dirty!" Datpaw heard his mentor sigh. "Kardashiancry, what are you doing here?!" Grumpywhisker sneered.

Datpaw knew that they would start fighting like always. He never knew why they fought, they just did. The fluffy tortoiseshell she-cat loved drama. "Remember," The small apprentice hissed under his breath to Grumpywhisker. "She is overseeing my fight."

Kardashiancry snorted. "Of course! I am deputy, you know." Kardashiancry never let anyone forget it "I've brought Dogekit and Moonmoon to fight you." Two small cats emerged behind the deputy.

The first was Dogekit. Dogekit was Datpaw's best friend. The large kit was poofy fur and a large snout that made her look like a shiba inu. Dogekit also had an accent that only thickened when she was scared.

And the second cat was Moonmoon. Her pure white body and snow coloured eyes always attracted attention from FanClan toms. She was always hated and nobody knows why, but Datpaw always thought she was pretty.

"Moonmoon, fight Datpaw. Start now." Datpaw was startled by the quickness on the fight. He sunk down on his haunches and waited for Moonmoon to make the first move.

Moonmoon yowled and ran at the apprentice. Datpaw quickly sidestepped and growled. Before Moonmoon could turn around,

Datpaw leaped on the snowy warrior and pinned her down. The warrior struggled under the small apprentices grip and sighed in defeat. Both of the fighting cats' eye locked. *I'm sorry*, Moonmoon's expression seemed to say. *Sorry for what?* Datpaw wanted to ask.

"Much wow! Datpaw wins!" The shriek of Dogekit's voice brought Datpaw back to reality. Datpaw got off the large warrior. "Well done, apprentice." Datpaw turned to Grumpywhisker. It was the first time his mentor said something nice. "That was even better than a lemon party."

~3~

It was time. All the clan gathered around Frog Rock to watch the ceremony unfurl. "My son, Datpaw, it is time you become a warrior." Pepestar's voice boomed. Datpaw looked up to his father and their gazes met. Pepestar only held pride in his eyes.

"Grumpywhisker, is Datpaw ready to become a warrior?" The muscular green leader asked. Grumpywhisker scowled and nodded.

Pepestar smiled. "I, Pepestar, leader of MemeClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to you as a warrior in his turn. Pepestar turned to Datpaw. "Datpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?

Datpaw's head rang. "I-I do!" He shouted, a little louder than he was supposed to. Laughter came from some senior warriors.

"Then by the powers of InternetClan, I give you your warrior name. Datpaw, from this moment you will be known as-"

Yowls interrupted the ceremony.

"GifClan are attacking!"

Chapter 2 ~ Deadclapper claps

Rio here with the next chappie :P Hope you enjoy!

🤍Chapter 2🤍

"—Datboi," finished Pepestar, tilting his head slightly as he looked at where the yowl had originated from. "Now, get lost GifClan, my son just became a warrior!"

Spiderstar stuck his head from a bush. "Why!" he cried, anger sparking in his mew. "I just wanted to fight with my favorite Clan."

Pepestar held out one paw threateningly. "Don't make me poke you."

"Nope!" shouted Spiderstar as he started running away. "Nope! Nope! Nope! Nope! Nope!" All of MemeClan watched as the tom disappeared into the trees. Pepestar turned back toward his Clan with a smug grin on his face, and cheers erupted as cats started chanting for the newly named warrior.

Datboi stared at the crowd with wide eyes. But before he could go serve his warrior vigil, Spiderstar's head poked out of the bush.

"Uh, this is kinda awkward," the leader squeaked. "But my deputy says that I have to stay and fight. Soooo, sorry Datboi." Spiderstar flashed an apologetic look at the green tom. "GifClan, attack!"

Cats flew out from all sides. Startled, Datboi pulled out his unicycle and starting riding, squishing a gray tabby tom.

Angered, the tabby leaped up with his teeth bared. Instead of attacking, however, he started pulling green bits of paper and tossing them on the floor. The wheel of Datboi's unicycle slipped; the green tom went flying through the air. He landed on top of a ginger-and-black tom.

"Datpaw?" the tom asked, wiggling out from underneath Datboi and

blinking innocently, as if there wasn't a fight brewing just around them.

"Deadpaw?" replied Datboi, surprised to see the tom. They had met at a few Gatherings and talked before.

"I'm a warrior now! Deadclapper," the tom meowed proudly, puffing out his chest and clapping his paws together a few times. *Jeez, this guy is stupid. Pepestar and Spiderstar are about to kill each other, Lananope is talking in a corner with Grumpywhisker—okay that's not even fighting—and I'm pretty sure Penguinnoot is winning in a four-v-one.*

Datboi forced a smile to his face, unsheathing his claws quietly. "I'm Datboi, though I thought you guys were listening to my ceremony from the woods."

Deadclapper nodded. But before he could respond, Datboi leaped onto the tom and barreled him over, shredding through the ginger-and-black tom's fur faster than he could clap.

"Hey, I was just trying to talk!" Deadclapper gasped as Datboi tore out a chunk of his fur. The green tom rolled his big blue eyes and bit the GifClan warrior's shoulder. "Oh, InternetClan, please save me!" Deadclapper passed out.

Satisfied with his victory, Datboi gazed around the clearing, looking for a new opponent. Grumpywhisker was still talking to Lananope, so he trotted toward them to see what was up.

"—I named the first one, a small black-and-brown tom with your *beautiful* brown eyes," Lananope purred. "I named him Derpkit. Spiderstar agreed for his warrior name to be Derpbear."

Grumpywhisker rolled his eyes. "That's such a dumb name. . . poor kit's gonna get made fun of all the time," he muttered. Suddenly, the tom glanced over at Datboi. "What are you doing?"

"Questioning why the deputy of GifClan is flirting with my mento—my *former* mentor," Datboi meowed coldly.

Lananope laughed. "Jeez, someone is out of the loop! We had kits,

and GifClan is all pissy about it, so they decided to attack for no reason whatsoever!"

"You are the deputy, and Spiderstar is the leader. Do you really think that you attacked for no reason?" Datboi asked.

Lananope blinked. "That made no sense."

"You are the deputy, so you would have a say in this matter. Spiderstar is a scaredy mouse, so he would never willingly lead an attack. I'm saying that you had power in this decision," Datboi explained with a smug expression.

Lananope sighed. "Fine. We attacked so I could talk to Grumpywhisker, but we *have* been angry with you prey-stealers." She cast a glance toward Darudestorm, who was chewing on Rule34's leg, who was very much alive and screaming in pain.

"He's just one cat, and none of us like him anyways," Datboi shot back. "Now, I'm going to kill you before you can orchestrate your attack!"

"Not on my watch," the deputy purred, dropping into a crouch. "Let our fight. . . begin!"

Chapter 3 ~ Déjà Vu

"Let our fight... Begin!" Lananope yowled, and Datboi launched himself onto her back. As she flung him off, the world seemed to travel in slow motion.

Datboi seemed to be experiencing a strange sense of déjà vu. As Lananope lunged for his exposed stomach, he knew what would happen next; he would roll out of the way and claw at her flank before she could react, then he would get a grip on her ear. Grumpywhisker would pull Datboi off before he could do anything, and Lananope would attack while Datboi was still trying to comprehend his mentor's betrayal.

All of this realization struck Datboi within a second, and he didn't have time to wonder how he knew this. He rolled out of the way just in time to avoid Lananope's outstretched claws, clawing at her flank like he knew he was supposed to. He latched onto her ear, and time seemed to slow down again.

He could feel Grumpywhisker pulling him away, but this didn't have to happen as Datboi remembered it happening. In his moment of foresight, he had only lost the fight because he was taken by surprise by Grumpywhisker's betrayal. What if, this time, he didn't hesitate to attack Lananope again?

Datboi pulled himself out of Grumpywhisker's grip, releasing Lananope's ear. Before Grumpywhisker could stop him, Datboi charged headfirst towards Lananope and the GifClan deputy crouched down in preparation for his assault, but it never came.

Datboi jumped over Lananope's head at the last second, landing behind her. She tried to turn around to defend herself, but she was no match for Pepestar's son, who used his small size to his advantage.

He slid underneath Lananope and clawed at her belly, taking out chunks of fur and leaving deep scratches. She leaped away from

him, but Datboi followed, battering her flank and weaving in and out of her unsheathed paws. Finally, Lananope was forced to admit defeat.

"GifClan, retreat!" she yowled, and a bleeding Spiderstar was the first cat out of the MemeClan camp, his screeches of "nope, nope, nope!" able to be heard as he ran away.

Lananope looked regretfully at Grumpywhisker before bounding away, with the rest of GifClan behind her. As they left, Datboi turned on Grumpywhisker.

"How could you do that?" he hissed, and Grumpywhisker scowled.

"I couldn't let you hurt my mate, Datboi, and you know it!"

The entirety of the Clan, even Pepestar, turned towards Grumpywhisker in shock. Dogekit was the first to speak.

"Much wow, very betrayal," he hissed at Grumpywhisker, who was cowering underneath the glares of his Clanmates.

"Please, I-" Grumpywhisker began, but Pepestar cut him off.

"You will come to my den and we will discuss this there. The rest of you, have Badluck treat any injuries you have."

As Datboi headed to Badluck's den, he realized how he had known what Lananope was going to do. About a moon ago, he had a dream that MemeClan and GifClan were in the midst of a war, and that MemeClan was losing. But it was only a dream, after all. Wasn't it?

Written by le Amazing Annco. This is the first serious story I've worked on for CG (which is kinda bad because I really don't know anything about memes), so I hope you liked it!

Chapter Four ~ Datboi is summoned

🤍Chapter 4🤍

Datboi's heart pounded in his chest as he padded into his father's den. Pepestar had summoned him only a few moments ago, but the walk across camp had felt like eternity. He ducked as he entered the small cave.

Inside, Pepestar was humming to himself. The green-furred tom didn't seem to notice his son as Datboi seated himself on the bed of moss. "You told me to come in here. . .?" the warrior meowed, his blue eyes wide in the darkness of the den.

Pepestar looked up, his tongue hanging out of his muzzle. "What do you need?" asked the leader.

"You just asked me to come in here, like five minutes ago," Datboi responded, confusion lighting his eyes.

"Feels good man," the leader responded, panting slightly. His face suddenly became a mish-mash of rainbows, going in and out of focus rapidly. Datboi rolled his eyes, waiting for his father's crazy spell to end. "FEELS GOOD MAN!"

[image]

[**Pepestar**]

"Are you done yet?" Datboi asked in a bored tone. His father didn't respond and kept rippling with rainbows. Frustrated, the green-furred warrior grabbed a loose stone from the corner of the den. Gripping it in his muzzle, Datboi ducked his head next to the mossy bed, then quickly snapped it upwards, releasing the stone. It flew through the air, arching perfectly at the top of the den and falling to hit Pepestar on the head.

The green tom fell, collapsing on the moss with his paws cupping his injured head. "Feels bad man," croaked the frog-like cat. After a moment, Pepestar stood, brushing off the thin layer of dust that had settled on his fur. "Right," the tom muttered. "I summoned you to my den."

Datboi nodded.

"Well, I need advice from my youth. . . after all, I am getting quite old," sighed the leader. The younger cat shifted on his paws. "After. . . after Grumpywhisker has betrayed us, we still must keep him, for our numbers against GifClan are still feeble."

"GifClan has like no cats in it," Datboi scoffed.

Pepestar rolled his big, blue eyes. "But GifClan is better than us! Plus, they have half MemeClan cats! Lananope had like four kits!"

"Well, what do you expect me to do?" Datboi responded.

Pepestar swallowed. "I need you to go visit FanClan and ask them if they want to ally with us for the war."

Datboi's eyes widened, despite that they took up half of his face already. "Why? FanClan already is mad at us, since Kardashiancry was screaming at midnight and woke up half of the FanClan warriors, and all of us!"

Pepestar rolled his eyes. "Yes, but they hate GifClan even more. Remember how mad they were at the Gathering after Moneypaws threw the bits of green paper all of their territory? The prey took it all away and bought rifles to fight back against the FanClan hunters."

Datboi nodded. "Fair point. Well, can I at least take a few others with me?"

Pepestar nodded. "Whatever it takes. Just get over there soon."

Rio

Chapter 5 ~ Minepaw/craft

🤍Chapter 5🤍

Datboi traveled upstream with his patrol of weirdos- er, cats. Darudestrom and Cenaclaw were also travelling with him to FanClan territory. Datboi was becoming increasingly frustrated with the tan warrior, as he was constantly talking to Darudestorm about an apprentice named Minepaw and saying how last gathering they were flirting. Datboi finally snapped when Cenaclaw stated that Minepaw was probably expecting his kits. "Cenaclaw! What the hell is wrong with you?!" The patrol stopped on the FanClan border, narrowing their eyes at each-other. "What?! All I was doing-"

"What you were doing, is going to cause unnecessary war with our biggest enemies!" Darudestorm muted something about GifClan and biggest enemies but Datboi didn't listen. Cenaclaw stood his ground as Datboi continued "Look what happened to us when Grumpywhisker betrayed the warrior code!"

Datboi snarled and walked over the FanClan border. "Coming?" He asked the rest of the patrol with an impatient sigh. Idiots. Cenaclaw doesn't even know Minepaw's warrior name, Minecraft!

Cenaclaw and Darudestorm stayed silent and Datboi grew angrier. "Guys?" The green tom turned around and saw his patrol growling at the trees next to the border.

"We know your there!"

"Show yourself!"

Datpaw flattened his ears. "Darudestorm! What his happening?" He shouted to the sandy-coloured warrior.

"Darudestorm."

"Darudestorm."

"Darudestorm."

"DARUDESTORM OH MY INTERNETCLAN ANSWER ME YOU PEASAN-"

The warrior turned around and snarled. "Datboi! Did you bring Moonmoon?!" He asked accusingly. Datboi shook his head and growled. "Why would I? She is at camp-" Datboi trailed off as Moonmoon came out from the treeline.

Praise InternetClan. She is beautiful! Datboi let his eyes gleam in the daylight. Moonmoon's starlight fur blew in the light breeze. Her eyes held a thousand stars and she smiled uneasily at the two toms.

"Moonmoon. Why are you here?" Datboi asked the graceful she-cat.

"I'll tell you why she's here." All three warriors of the patrol spun around. It was Warriorstar, leader on FanClan, accompanied with Undercaves, Percygod and Minecraft. "We know why you are here, son of Pepestar. Come to our Clan; we have much to talk about.

~3~

Datboi felt uncomfortable in Warriorstar's den. He recalled stories of the wacky leader including the story where he claimed to be four cats at once, and the stories were right. The den was split up into four, one side was covered with moss, another with heather, the third with mini pine trees and the last side was covered completely with water.

"Now Datpaw, have you had your ceremony yet?" The leader asked calmly as he sat down in the moss side of the den. Datboi smiled weakly and nodded. "I'm Datboi now. " Warriorstar chuckled "My friends and I had a little beg on your name. I personally thought it would of been Datass!"

The green tom started laughing along with the FanClan leader. It was obvious that Warriorstar's current personality was friendly and happy.

"So down to business," Warriorstar suddenly put on a poker face and Datboi did the same. "We know about GifClan attacking, and

we know about many of the upcoming threats Lananope and Grumpywhisker's kits have to MemeClan." Datboi flattened his ears. How does he know so much?! He internally screamed.

"So we have decided to help you defeat the tiny-ass clan of the Gifs, but once this is over, we will not ally with you MemeClan scum!" Warriorstar's voice changed as he started growling. The leader moved to the pine part of the den. "Okay, jeez, you don't have to be so rude." The FanClan leader's face softened again as Datboi finished ranting.

"Hehe, sorry. Didn't mean that." The leader looked embarrassed and went to the moss side again. "So, son of Pepestar, do you have any questions?"

"Yeah, I do. How come Moonmoon was doing whatever she was doing?" Datboi asked. "She was helping me track you down, because I think I know how to stop GifClan."

Chapter 6 ~ Meme Enforcements

🤍 Chapter 6 🤍

Warriorstar flicked his tail and Moonmoon slipped inside his den, and behind her padded three seemingly normal tom-cats. They smirked arrogantly at the pretty she-cat, who showed no interest in them.

"Moonmoon has connections, and she knows how to fight GifClan," Warriorstar told him.

Moonmoon grumbled. "These are the arch nemesis' to GifClan; The Tribe Of Awful Internet Jokes."

The first tom was a brown tom with pure white paws, and he seemed very proud of them. The second was a repulsively disgusting while tom with randomly placed black stripes. Datboi already hated him. The third tom was... well, he was unimportant.

"Meet Danieldamn, Filmerpaw and Jacobshirt, the two worst internet crazes to ever exist."

"They should fit right in with Cenaclaw, great!" Datboi exclaimed.

Cenaclaw growled. "Do you know what my name is?"

Filmerpaw screamed. "AND HIS NAME IS JOHN CENAAAAAAAAA."

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOOOOOOOO

"Hey, hey guys, I can sing for you all," Jacobshirt offered, but Datboi cringed.

"No, no, save that for the battle with GifClan," he assured him.

"Oh, okay. But you can have my sweatshirt. And you can tell your

friends, we'll be together-."

"I swear to Pepestar-."

"ENOUGH!" Warriorstar yowled, grasping each cats attention.

"Dude, chill," Cenaclaw murmured.

"Sorry, that was one of my alter egos talking. They do that a lot," he mewed.

Boi

"Moonmoon, take us to GifClan!" Datboi declared, and she began out of Warriorstar's den.

Moonmoon padded passively towards GifClan territory, angered by Jacobshirt's humming. She sighed to herself, but she found his voice marginally less irritating than his singing.

"So, uh, how do you keep such a... fantastic pelt?" she asked, uninterested.

"Well, I get up, admire the sky, do some light hunting, and then I go and get a drink and sunbathe for a bit. And then I wash it, and dry it, call up my friend-."

"On second thoughts, I prefer your humming," she snapped.

"Oh, okay! I wrote a song all by myself, wanna hear?" he asked joyfully.

"Uh, what else you got?"

"I can cover *All Of Me* awesomely!"

Moonmoon perked up. "Go on then."

Jacobshirt took a deep breath. "wHatS GOinG oN iN tHAT BEauTiFul MiIiInD, I'M oN YoUr-."

"OH LOOK, WE'RE AT GIFCLAN! GO SING TO THEM, THEY'LL LOVE IT!" she screeched, clutching her ears.

"Okay!"

Jacobshirt bounded down to GifClan, where Lananope had already sounded the alarm. Danieldamn followed with Filmerpaw at his heels, who cleared his throat respectively.

Datboi approached Moonmoon, rather concerned for her hearing. "You alright?"

"That cat... he's just awful..."

Datboi chuckled and turned to the scene before him, where Jacobshirt confronted Lananope while Spiderstar eyed Danieldamn curiously.

"What are you doing on GifClan territory?" Lananope demanded.

"Oh, that hot she-cat who definitely wouldn't send me nudes told me I had a great voice! I've come to sing to you!" he cried gleefully.

Lananope scowled, turning to Danieldamn. "And you?"

"Oh, we came to show you our art film!"

Spiderstar nodded. "Alright, GifClan assemble!"

GifClan filed in one by one to the clearing, Rule34 hanging back. He eyed the newcomers creepily, and it gave Datboi the shivers.

"That cats seen some things..." Datboi murmured nervously to Moonmoon, "some weird, weird things."

Jacobshirt leaped onto the GifClan High Rock and gazed over the cats, chest puffed out proudly.

"I'd like to sing you all a song I wrote all by myself! It's called Sweatshirt!"

One cat cheered. They were banished.

"cHiLlInG wITh a HAiR tIE, No MAKeuP wItH sOMe SWeatPaNTS ON."

The ground below GifClan began to quake as he sang. The cats screamed and ran for their lives, followed by Lananope shouting "NOPPPPPPPPE" increasingly loudly.

"aND wHeN yOU WAlK tHe hALlS yOU kNoW YOU wAnnA fLAUNt It."

Spiderstar ducked for cover in his den, traumatised. It was as if he'd been attacked by a spider. A really, big one, with a bad haircut and rich parents.

"AND YOU CAN WEAR MY. sWEAtsHIRt SWEATTTTTTSHHIIRTTTTTTTT."

GifClan wailed in horror as he continued to sing, their ears bleeding. Datboi covered his own as he laughed at the falling Clan, though he didn't blame them.

"TAKE IT AWAY, DANIELDAMN!" he cried.

Filmerpaw rushed into the clearing and pulled out his iPhone 69, clearing his throat.

"DAMNNNNN DANIEL."

Danieldamn walked in front of the phone.

"DAYUMMMM DANIEL."

Danieldamn walked on from a different angle.

"DAMN DANIEL BACK AT IT AGAIN WITH THE WHITE PAWS."

Danieldamn posed for a moment, and Filmerpaw was done. He proceeded to upload it to Vine as GifClan died profusely behind him.

"How many views?" Danieldamn asked placidly.

"69,696969,696969, that's quick," Filmerpaw told him.

"Yes, they were all from me."

~ Written by Hazel ~

Chapter Seven ~ The Living Derpkit

💚 Chapter 7 💚

"Well, now GifClan is dead," Datboi muttered to himself, looking across the clearing of deceased cats. A grin started to spread across his face. "They're. . . they're actually dead! Pepestar, I'm the real leader now! I defeated our enemies."

A small brown-furred tom got to his paws. Instead of the normal pointed ears of a cat, he had circular ears perched on the curves of his head. His claws were long and visible, and his paws were much larger than those of a kit. *That must be Lananope and Grumpywhisker's kit,* he thought, recalling the GifClan deputy's description of Derpkit.

[image]

Datboi leaned over to Filmerpaw, point his tail at Derpkit. "That thing does *not* look like a cat, if you catch my drift," he muttered, glancing slyly around.

"Damn, Datboi," Filmerpaw whispered back. "Back at it again with those accurate predictions."

Jacobshirt was standing at the top of the Clan rock, his eyes closed as he sang loudly. His meow was still ringing through the clearing, sending waves of pain through the still-living cats' bodies.

"The Tribe of Awful Internet Jokes is something. . . special," Cenaclaw meowed, whiskers twitching slightly. His paws were still placed on top of his years.

Jacobshirt, finished with his song, jumped off the speaking rock and tossed his shirt into the crowd of dead cats. Datboi cringed,

covering his eyes to preserve his innocence. "Well, I guess y'all are done with your war thing now!" the Tribe of Awful Internet Jokes tom meowed brightly.

"Yeah, let's get out of here!" Darudestorm meowed eagerly.

Datboi pointed his tail at the still-living Derpkit. "Uh, should we just slit his throat or something?" he asked the other cats. "I don't want to deal with having a living GifClan cat left."

Moonmoon gasped, shock lighting her expression. "How *dare* you!" the medicine cat hissed. "We don't murder cats just to murder them! We murder them for practical purposes, duh!"

"Jacobshirt's—" Datboi protested, but he was interrupted by Moonmoon.

"—Jacobshirt's singing is the most *beautiful* thing I've ever heard! He's better that my Bieber precious, so don't you insult his beautiful words," the she-cat hissed. The sound of her pathetically short claws unsheathing was audible to Datboi; the green-furred warrior

Jacobshirt gave newly-appointed MemeClan warrior a triumphant smile.

"He also killed an entire Clan," the green cat protested, resisting the urge to pull out his unicycle and run over the shirtless Jacobshirt. "Minus one cat." He glanced sideways at Derpkit, who was pawing at Lananope's body.

"Well it was still beauitful singing," Moonmoon sniffed. "And it was an accident, right Jacobshirt?"

The Tribe cat shifted awkwardly on his paws, avoiding the MoonClan cat's face. "Of course! I mean, I know my truly *beautiful* singing is, and I know that is can have some. . . uh, negative side effects based on the beauty of my singing. But my singing never kills!"

Moonmoon grinned. "See?" she mewed pointedly. "He didn't mean to kill them!"

Datboi rolled his eyes. "Let's get out of here, then."

Cenaclaw looked skeptical. "Jacobshirt. . . didn't you just say your singing doesn't kill?"

Jacobshirt nodded. "Yep. It only temporarily shatters eardrums. Since my beautiful singing becomes the last words they hear, the deafened cats learn to love my singing, which, in turn, heals their eardrums."

"I don't know how they don't love it in the first place!" Moonmoon added empathetically, her tail dragging along Jacobshirt's spine and a purr erupted from her throat.

Datboi resisted the urge to gag as he turned away, facing Cenaclaw. "So they're all still alive," he meowed plainly. The other tom nodded slowly. "Which means that we failed at our assignment."

"We need to get back to FanClan and tell them that their plan failed," sighed Darudestorm.

⤷ Brought to you by Rio. ⤶

Chapter 8 ~ Moonmoon is what?!

Silver here with the most cliffhanger-y chapter yet (and very short. This chapter deleted like 5 times)

MemeClan

🤍Chapter 8🤍

The group of cats trudged back to FanClan, with their heads hanging in defeat. "You know, we could of just killed them when they were, ya know, down." Cenaclaw growled to Datboi. The green warrior sighed as they padded into camp.

"Did it work?!" Datboi jumped into the air, scared, and turned around to look at Warriorstar.

"N-n-n-no, I-I-I-I-it didn't." Datboi stuttered. My first mission failed! Damn you NoWifi Forest

"Then why are you back?! Have you staged a coup?!"

Datboi shuffled his paws. "Um, Warriorstar? It's pronounced without the 'p.' He smiled awkwardly. "It's pronounced 'coo' and this has no relations to anything."

Warriorstar grumbled and turned to Jacobshirt. "Did it work?!"

"Nope."

"What the **** I thought I sent you ** ******* **** ***** ******* you-" The multiple personality disorder leader screamed. Since this was a PG book, no one really heard what he said, but a bit of deduction could help you figure out.

Moonmoon put her tail in Warriorstar's mouth. "Hush, we need to

figure out how to defeat GifClan. Should we go to the Electricity Pool and ask InternetClan?"

The GifClan leader nodded reluctantly and pointed to the ente range of camp. "Go now. If you leave this second you may reach it by sundown."

Datboi sent a thankful sideways glance to Moonmoon which she smiled at and then nodded to Warriorstar. "We will be on our way."

"Datboi, me, Moommoon and Cenaclaw should return to MemeClan, just to inform Pepestar that you, and maybe those tribe weirdos, will be going to the Electricity Pool."

DOO DOO DOO DOOOO

Every cat turned to Filmerpaw, who flattened his ears in shame. "I couldn't help it! When Darudestorm said Cenaclaw, I just had to!"

Every cat groaned. "Cenaclaw, Moonmoon, we are going." Darudestorm turned to the entrance. The pretty she-cat hissed at the tom. "No! I'm going with them."

~3~

The sun was falling rapidly. Datboi, Moonmoon and Jacobshirt walked to the edge of the territory, spotting the Internet Pool. It was like normal water, but an infinite amount of electricity ran through its small ripples.

The group came next to the pool as night rose. "Guys, I'm gonna wait here. You two do... It..." Datboi nodded. "Ok. Moonmoon, it's just us." And the pair of cats touched their noses to the pool, making them go in a coma

~3~

It was dark. Too dark. Mist shrouded Datboi and Moonmoon. "Look what we have here..." A silky sweet voice erupted from behind the two MemeClan cats. Datboi turned around to see a normal looking she-cat with a very (very) tall neck. It was Eggneck. I *remember her! She was exiled when I was only a kit. Killed an elder.*

"Welcome to the NoWifi Forest. It's a shame we have two young warriors here, especially since on is pregnant..."

Pregnant?! Datboi looked at Moonmoon with horror. "I-I was going to tell you.."

Chapter Nine ~ Moonmoon's Kits

🤍Chapter 9🤍

Moonmoon was staring back with an equally shocked expression. "Wait, you're pregnant Datboi?" she gasped.

Datboi had no answer; his muzzle was gaped with shock.

Moonmoon sucked in a breath, sighing loudly. "Fine, I'm pregnant. . . . the father is Warriorstar."

"Wait, uh, I thought Warriorstar was a she-cat," Datboi meowed, confusion clouding his big blue eyes.

The sparkly metallic she-cat gave a shrug, her tail-tip flicking to the side. "Multiple personalities can be confusing sometimes." Moonmoon turned back to Eggneck. "So. . . why are you here and do you have chocolate that I can eat?"

"We have lots of chocolate," Eggneck replied with an evil grin. "Very delicious - totally not poisonous - chocolate."

Datboi sucked in a deep breath. "Alright, let's get on with this, Milkneck or whatever you call yourself. Why are we in the NoWiFi Forest, and what do you want from us?" One paw was on the rim of his unicycle, reading to pull out the beautiful device and squish the evil elder with it. He knew how powerful the wrath of elders was, however.

"First of all," the elder hissed. "My name is *Eggneck.* And you are in the NoWifi Forest because we are basically all really bored and lonely. Please entertain us."

Datboi furrowed his nonexistent eyebrows. "By entertain, do you

mean what I think you mea—"

"NO!" Eggneck replied sharply. "I mean - ride around on your unicycle. We old memes were sent here because we were too dank or just too good for everyone to understand. . . like Truckaim. 9-11 jokes were just simply too far ahead of the time."

Datboi had heard of Truckaim before; he shuddered at the lack of dank. "Shreklove is in here too, right?" he asked with a hint of fear in his voice.

The light green tom poked his head out of a bush. "I spread my—" Eggneck used her long, powerful neck to knock the strange tom off his paws. He went flying through the air, screaming: "SHREK IS LOVE, SHREK IS LIFE!"

"Yes, Shreklove is obviously here. . . as well as Leftshark, Pootface, Colordress, and a few other notably bad memes. Ghosthead of FanClan, recently dead, is here, as well as Bananadance and various GifClan cats," Eggneck explained.

Datboi chewed on the inside of his cheek, considering her statement. He turned to Moonmoon. "What do you think?" he asked the pregnant she-cat.

She scoffed. "I probably should get back to my book soon, so I really don't care about the NoWiFi Forest. . . aside from the 'No Wifi' part," the metallic silver she-cat meowed brightly. "I would suggest that we get out of here as fast as possible."

Eggneck unsheathed her claws. "I will sick Truckaim on you."

"Who is Truckaim anywa—?" asked Moonmoon, but she was interrupted as a brown tabby flew out of the bushes.

"WE'RE NOT AIMING FOR THE TRUCK!" echoed the shout as the mysterious cat bolted into the bushes and disappeared. Disgruntled, Moonmoon got up and dusted herself up.

"You know who he is now," Eggneck meowed lightly. "So will you accept our offer, or not?"

"Uh, sure," Datboi meowed. He pulled out his unicycle and gave a few spins before tucking it away, wishing he could run over the long-necked warrior. Eggneck purred in delight, and a few cats popped out of the bushes with smiles at the short show of entertainment.

"See, we're all just bored cats since we don't have WiFi," explained a strange-looking blue-and-white tom who looked oddly like a shark. He was also swaying his hips and humming to himself. "We don't want to hurt anyone! InternetClan just decided they didn't like anything that was too weird, too annoying, too dumb, or too controversial."

Datboi smiled slightly. "I'll tell ya' what. . . tomorrow, I'll try to get a couple of my friends to come in here, and we'll find something interesting for you all to do."

"Thank you," Eggneck meowed. "Thank you for saving us."

Datboi was going to reply, but the forces of the day dragged him away, and he opened his eyes. He was still crouching next to the Electricity Pool, Moonmoon slowly blinking and standing up next to him. "We need to get back to camp," the green tom meowed, glancing at Jacobshirt.

⌁ Brought to you by the great and amazing Rio! ⌁

Chapter 10 ~ YouTubeClan Is Evil

Datboi wakes up in a place with a lot of computers. i-Pads scattered all over the ground. Computers everywhere around on the tables. Then there are a lot of wifi cables.

"Where am I?" he asks himself.

"You are in InternetClan and I have a message to tell you." a mystery cat meowed.

"Whoa!!! I'm special." Datboi meowed.

"There is an attack coming." the mystery cat meowed.

"I will warn my clan!" Datboi meowed.

"Go Datboi!" the mystery cat meowed.

Datboi woke up and went up to the leader of MemeClan.

"Pepestar! Pepestar!" Datboi yowled. "I know something!"

"What happened Datboi?" Pepestar answered.

"InternetClan told me that their would be a clan attacking us!" Datboi meowed.

"OMG. GET THE CLAN READY." Pepestar meowed.

Lots of rustling came from bushes. A whole clan rush out to attack MemeClan.

"YouTubeClan attack!" yowled a mysterious voice.

The leader attacked Datboi. The cat clawed him in the belly.

"Who are you!?" Datboi screamed in fear and pain as he tried to fight back.

"I'm Pewdstar and my clan are ready to kill if needed." Pewdstar answered the shaking cat.

Datboi scratched Pewdstar's nose and escaped his grasp.

"Retreat MemeClan!" Pepestar yowled, "YouTubeClan is too strong!

The cats laughed evilly and took over the territory. Pepestar and MemeClan left to search of new territory.

"I'm going to miss the territory," Datboi meowed, as he saw YouTubeClan set in their territory.

~

Whisper here with a chapter xD This is my first time writing this so it might be stupid. I hope you enjoyed. :D

Chapter 11 ~ ASMR

It was dark and starry in InternetClan. Three cats were gathered at a small pond. The first cat, a brilliant colour-changing she-cat. The next was a medium sized tom with scruffy black bangs and human-coloured hair. Generic of course. And the last cat was, well, a cat that couldn't keep still.

The she-cat dipper her head on acknowledgement. "Gifstar, Fanstar, where is YouTubestar?"

The generic white boy fan #21 sighed. "I have no idea, Memestar. Perhaps someone else will come?" Memestar sighed in annoyance.

"Memestar? Fanstar? Gifstar? What an amaaaazzzziiinnggg encounter." A gnome-cat walked out of the bushes surrounding the leaders. Three cats walked out of the bush along with the newcomer. The first was a fox with an oddly square head, the second was a deep emerald tom and the third had a sick diss track playing as he walked out of the bush.

"Keemgnome, Pyrofox, Leafleaf, Ricebully, what are you doing here?!" Gifstar asked sharply.

"Hey what's up guys, Scarce here." Pyrofox muttered under his breath and got his totally non-gambled GS:GO gun out.

The gnome cat glared at Gifstar. "It's KeemSTAR. I was leader you know!" He growled and continued "YouTubestar couldn't make it. Too much unmonetised videos to take care of apparently."

Memestar frowned. "And who are these... Cats?" Her eyes landed on Pyrofox, staring him up and down. "kys." Pyrofox shouted and returned from the hell he crawled up from.

"Bully channels obviously. These are the baddest of the bad. They are here to possess Moonmoon's kits and help out with defeating YouTubeClan."

Oh.

Suddenly, there was an awkward silence. Pyrofox came back, carrying loads of discs containing ASMR. They all listened in interest. Memestar, being the only rational cat there (and the only she-cat), covered her ears, because it was just odd whispering.

"Oh I know!" Shouted LeafLeaf in his oddly high pitched voice. Let's make Moonmoon have her kits now so that everything goes to plan!"

There were no objections.

"Sure."
"Whatever."
"Fine."
"Kys."
"Let's do this."

All the cats dissappeared but Keemstar and Gifstar. "Are you sure this will work?" He asked with an obvious evil grin plastered on his face."of course Keemstar. The clans will fall!"

By Silver.

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Twelve

Datboi sat alone in the warriors den, the memes passing him by like leaves caught in the wind. The display of rare Pepe's reminded him of his prestigious father's heritage, the Nyan Cat rainbows flying aimlessly from side to side. He glanced over at the line of perfectly crafted red unicycles created just for him, but not even that could lift his mood. A burning question lied on Datboi's shoulders, one he would never shift until he found the answers he was looking for.

Suddenly, Datboi's faithful friend Mahboi, broke in.

"Hey, Kardashiancry lost her earrings again, she's gone nuts!" she cried, enthralled.

Datboi sighed. "Whatever. I guess those starving children in Africa'll have to starve."

Mahboi frowned. "What's the matter with you? You love watching our deputy stress!"

"I have a question, one I must ask a great and powerful source," he told her sincerely.

"Who?" she asked.

Datboi stood up, the world against him. "Pewdiestar."

Mahboi looked rather confused.

"I want to know how YouTubeClan was formed! Have you seen those weirdos?" he exasperated.

She shrugged. "I heard they got some new members, some guys with fringes, a she-cat with way too much paint on her face and some ukulele fanatics, looks lit. I'll come with."

Datboi puffed out his chest. "Then, we shall depart to YouTubeClan to learn of our enemies heritage!"

Moonmoon appeared at the sound of movement, her dead expression apparent under her dejected frame. No words were spoken as Moonmoon transported both Datboi and Mahboi to the majestic terrain, her teleportation powers necessary for any form of moving.

As Datboi arrived, he noticed that Mahboi's observation was correct. Several new cats wandered the YouTubeClan camp, most carrying several cameras and making irritating noises at them. He thought back to Danieldamn and Filmerpaw, cringing profusely.

Suddenly, Pewdiestar appeared.

"How's it goin' bros, my name is-."

"Yes, we know, bro fist n edgar n stuff," Mahboi grumbled.

Edgar snorted, the small black pug stood beside his master.

"PEEEEWWWWWWWDIIIEESTARRRRRR."

Datboi groaned.

"Anyway, why are you here, please leave," he ordered nonchalantly.

"We want to know how your Clan was formed, will you impart such knowledge?" Datboi asked.

Pewdiestar sighed. "Sure whatever."

We're back in 2006, the only life forms present on the magical terrain of YouTubeClan being a socoollike chap and a lonely British boy with an iconic fringe. The land was dead and abandoned, until one day, I, Pewdiestar, leader of the YouTube cult, discovered the art of recording video game content with little to no original input for that YouTube monies.

Pewdiestar leaped upon his great rock, puffing out his chest like a lion as he gazed upon his Clan.

Alas, these awkward British boys birthed a new culture; vlogging. Here, we see that very raven-haired boy with his existential, noodle-height, meme appreciating companion, cat whiskers drawn and not-on-fireness engaged. And look over here, there we see the other memorable names such as... uh... british... accent... unfunny... types of people... only has viewers because of appearance...

"Uh, Pewdiestar?" Mahboi slurred.

"Sorry, I'm trying to remember half these cat's names, but I cant."

She-cats flourished along with these awkward British boys, taking over the art of beauty and labelling themselves 'beauty gurus'. These girls are often between the ages of 17-27 moons, any older and they'd be awful, are typical American girls who LOVE make-up and routine videos that nobody cares about! Occasionally, you may discover an original beauty guru, but most are lost in the endless sea of awfulness.

"What about them?" Datboi asked, pointing to a circle of singing cats.

"They are the musicians of YouTubeClan, the few cats with actual talent on our territory, but you don't care about them."

"But I-."

And finally, we move over to the gods of YouTube. The faces you think of when you think... Cringe... Video games... Revenue... Those who dye their hair for views, get involved in drama for views, electrocute, scream and cry for views, anything for those precious groups. And I, the great Pewdiestar, am proud to say that I am the god of these creators. I. AM. G-

"Wow, that's actually really lame," Mahboi retorted.

Datboi sniffed. "Yeah, that really sucked, I'm going home."

And with that, Moonmoon teleported them home, and Pewdiestar was left to his thoughts.

"Hey, stop the recording, that's good enough," he called out.

Filmerpaw handed him the camera.

"Gonna get some views for that speech," he chuckled, wandering back into the abyss of money.

And that, is the history of YouTubeClan.

~Written by Hazel~

Chapter 13~ Time Moves Quickly

Datboi walked back into the den dejectedly, having learned nothing of importance from YoutubeClan. He threw up his head to the sky in despair. “WHY ME, INTERNETCLAN?” he yowled.

Mahboi turned and gave him a strange look. “You’re acting like Kardashiancry…”

Datboi shoved her aside, going to slump next to his unicycle. I don’t even want to ride it...what has this world come to?

Suddenly, a yowl was heard outside the camp. “HELP! Moonmoon is kitting!”

Datboi immediately jumped unto his unicycle and sped towards the medicine cat den. “Badluck! Help! Moonmoon’s kitting!”

Badluck padded out nervously. “Are you sure you want me to come..? I mean, I am bad luck after all…”

Datboi hissed. “WHO CARES! Now do it or I’ll run you over with my unicycle.”

Badluck went over to the nursery quickly, somehow tripping over twenty sticks on the way there. Datboi followed him on his unicycle, bursting into the nursery.

Datboi gaped at Moonmoon, who is on her head for seemingly no reason. “Um…”

Badluck stumbled into the den. “I'm...here…”

Datboi quickly hopped off his unicycle and forcefully pushed Moonmoon right-side up. She began to do a strange dance as she attempted to deliver the kittens.

Badluck reluctantly padded over to help her. The kits popped out, one after another, until four kits lay on the moss. They were perfectly healthy, but they got a glance at Badluck's face. They all immediately died.

"Really?" Badluck mewed. "Another meme…'SUCCESSFULLY DELIVERS BABIES...THEY DIE AT THE SIGHT OF HIS FACE.' "

Moonmoon began sobbing. "My poor kits! You died before you had a chance to live!"

"That doesn't even make sense," pointed out Badluck.

Moonmoon ignored him. "Your names in StarClan will be Keemkit, Pyrokit, Leafkit, and Ricekit." As she said these words, disappointed-looking souls drifted away from the bodies. Nobody noticed, even though they were staring right at them.

Up above the scene, there were curses as a certain group's plot was defeated.

Suddenly, Pepestar's voice rang over the camp. "We are going to attack GifClan, and we are allied with FanClan!"

Grumpywhisker suddenly spoke. "Why?"

Pepestar somehow furrowed his eyebrows. "Why what?"

"Why are we attacking GifClan?"

Pepstar shrugged (somehow). "Idk and idc. To FanClan!"

Datboi lifted Moonmoon unto his unicycle--since her kits are dead she had to fight, even though she was week from kitting.

Time skip even though it's only like ten minutes.

Warriotstar turned to Pepestar indignantly. "I should **** lead the ****** attack! I ***** have a ******** larger fanbase!"

Pepestar purred in amusement. "Riiiight. Do you think ANYONE denies my fabulousness?"

“Dude, this book is written on a Warriors joint account. I think I win.”

Percygod randomly popped up. “MY fanbase is bigger than BOTH of yours. Ask any teenage girl if they like me, 90% will say yes.”

“Wow, are you forgetting about me? Lorein Legacies is pretty big too! We've got 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 million fans!” piped up Loreinpaw.

Squabbling about who has the larger fanbase erupted, causing Warriorstar to go and argue that she was bigger--er, to stop the argument.

Pepestar coughed. “Can I, you know, lead the Clans into battle? Since you seem to need to supervise your Clan?”

Warriorstar sighed in defeat. “Fine. One question--why are we attacking GifClan? They have, like, six cats.”

Pepestar thought for a moment. “Idk really. Um...we're rivals!”

“Since when?” asked Grumpywhisker.

“Chapter One, you dummy,” replied Mahboi.

“Oh,” grumbled Grumpywhisker. “This is SO not better than a lemon party.”

“WE ARE SPARTA--I MEAN THE FAN-MEMECLAN ALIANCE! WE WILL NOT SUBMIT!” yowled Pepestar.

“To war!” cheered the rest of the cats, waving their swords even though a) they don't have swords and b) they wouldn't have arms to wave them.

Together, the two large Clans set out to fight the only six cats opposing them.

Ember here with her first MemeClan chapter! Hope you like it!

Chapter 14~The Battle

"FanClan and MemeClan attack!" a cat meowed. Cats started to pounce on one another.

Datboi attacks the leader of GifClan and he swipes his claw at the leader's neck. The leader of GifClan was smart and tripped Datboi and pinned him down. Right when Datboi was about to get kicked a familiar figured appeared tackling the GifClan leader.

"Thanks so much, Pepestar." Datboi meowed happily.

"No problem, next time be sure to call for backup if you needed it next time." Pepestar answered and started to attack the leader once more.

Datboi ran back to the camp, his hind leg was injured from the fight, but another cat sprouted out from the bush. The two warriors fought for a long time, biting each other's fur and trying to claw each other's eyes out. It felt like many moons until the battle ended with a retreat called by the GifClan deputy. The GifClan cats retreated after their deputy limping and hurt while Datboi was about to run after them.

"They are cowards!" Datboi meowed angrily.

Warriorstar padded over to the new warriors.

"It's okay, they are gone now, they have learned their lesson." Warriorstar meowed.

Datboi agreed and followed his clan as they walked back to the campsite.

~

Hope you enjoyed this new chapter. Apologizes if it is shorter than usual. XD See you next time

~Whisper

Chapter 15 ~ The Death of Some

Datboi and Warriorstar get to MemeClan's campsite finally after walking for a long time. They meet the medicine cat who was trying to treat Spongecave and Trappaw. Their injuries were major and they could die. Blood kept leaking out from the young apprentice. Datboi bit his jaw in fear that the two cats might die.

Warriorstar led Datboi out of the cave because if they did pass away then he didn't want Datboi to experience it.

"Let's play some Mossball!" Warriorstar meowed as he grabbed some moss surrounding an oak tree.

The leader threw the ball and Datboi caught it with his jaw and returned it. After a while, the medicine cat came up to the two cats and spread them the sad news. Spongecave and Trappaw died and went to InternetClan.

Pepestar stepped up on top of the rock to talk to everyone about the two cats that fought to death. Everyone listened and mourned for their loss clanmates.

Then Datboi decided to fall asleep and forget all that happened, tears leaked his eyes as he tried to sleep.

A cat came from the sky to talk to Datboi.

"Eggneck!" Datboi meowed recognizing the cat right away,

"Datboi! I have to tell you something." Eggneck replied.

"Are Spongecave and Trappaw okay?" Datboi asked.

"They are fine." Eggneck replied. "Moonmoon is lying, Warriorstar

isn't her mate."

Datboi gasped.

~

I hope you liked this chapter. I ended in a little cliff-hanger, but I hope you still love me XD

~Whisper

Chapter 16 ~ No WiFi, No LiFi

Chapter Sixteen

PREVIOUSLY ON MEMECLAN

"Trappaw and Spongecave, dead?!" a character exclaimed at some point in time. "How could this happen?!"

*Datboi tried the new craze that doctors hate called going the f*** to sleep n now all she-cats are trying it, why don't you!?*

"Eggroll? Wait, Eggknee? Dammit, Eggneck! Yeah, what's the WiFi password?" Datboi asked.

"This is the NoWiFi forest, the password is GoFish," she responded, prestigious.

"Moonmoon gettin' that paper huh? With Warriorstar," he remarked.

"Nah," Eggneck refused.

Such suspense, much confusion, very tension.

ONE MOON LATER

Datboi glanced at the time, depicting it to be nighttime as the light from the sky had left just like his Dad. Come back Dad. With his super skills in finding out the time, he stared at the moon until he saw that his eyes hadn't been burned out and it wasn't the sun, and pixel sunglasses fell from the sky and a gold chain wrapped around his neck. His skillage was supreme.

He went to sleep, laying sideways on his unicycle as he drifted into unconsciousness. He felt himself flying over the forest, the moon full as he stretched out his finger and cried "HERE COME DATBOI! OH S**T WADDUP!" and in a flash he had arrived in the NoWiFi forest.

He tried to search for a signal to Instagram has E.T lookin' journey, but sadly, there was no WiFi. He tried to open Snapchat to find the dog filter to improve his basic white frog stats, but sadly, there was no WiFi. He tried to search up the almighty Pepestar to worship his existence, but sadly, tears falling from his eyes, there was no WiFi. RIP.

"Datboi!" Eggneck called from the distance.

"Which boi?" he called back.

"Dat one!"

"Ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy-."

MEANWHILE

Moonmoon sat atop the tallest rock in her Clan, bathing in sunlight. She felt the gentle kick of her kits and purred; it wouldn't be long now. Though the serenity of the birds chirping and enemies screaming was a lullaby she could fall asleep to, she was somewhat distracted. The entire Clan circled her rock, staring at her belly.

"Who is it?"

She did not respond.

"Who is it Moonmoon?"

She ignored them.

"WHO IS IT?!"

She grunted.

"I bet it's Datboi," one mumbled.

Moonmoon scoffed. "Uh, no, thanks."

"Well then it's clearly Drunkhome," another proclaimed.

"I ain't telling your nasty meme who gave me my kits," she retorted.

The drama would never cease. Was it Warriorstar? Was it Datboi? Was it Pepestar? The world will never know.

~Written by Hazel~

Chapter 17 ~ Theworld Arrives

Last week - um, last year on MemeClan!

The drama would never cease. Was it Warriorstar? Was it Datboi? Was it Pepestar? The world will never know.

Moonmoon had just gotten up, her belly swinging between her legs as she started to walk across the clearing, when a shrill shout of alarm echoed through MemeClan camp. The she-cat's ears poked up with curiosity; she turned toward where the sound originated from only to see a rainbow-furred she-cat with yellow eyes panting in the center of the clearing.

"...a rogue came... he knows..." Knowmore meowed between her deep, gulping breaths.

Spongecave laid his tail across her shoulders. "Slow down," he said in a high-pitched voice that made all cats in the area wince. "Slow down, Knowmore."

The rainbow-furred she-cat gave a quick nod, closing her eyes and taking a few breaths in. "I was on patrol with Trappaw and Mahboi," she began, only to be interrupted by Badluck.

"Who's your boi?" he asked, tilting his head."

"No, Mahboi. The warrior," Knowmore explained. Badluck gave a quick nod. "Anyways... we were on patrol and were going through the forest when I scented a cat. We all hid in the bushes and watched as this spectacular blue-colored tom slunk through the clearing, muttering something about the moon and a boy."

"Where are Mahboi and Trappaw?" a warrior asked.

"Who's boy?" another warrior meowed.

"The cat, you mousebrain," responded the first cat.

Knowmore paused. "I think they're still fighting the rogue... he called him 'Theworld' before I ran off. Mahboi told me to—"

"Who's boy?"

"*Shut up!"* hissed Badluck, his tail flicking sideways in anticipation. "Go on, Knowmore."

Her yellow eyes flashed. "Mahboi told me to run back here and get some cats... so you, come with me." She flicked her tail toward Datboi's unconscious figure, next to his unicycle. The green tom leaped to his paws and gave a quick nod. "And Moonmoon. I don't give two flying rainbows if you're pregnant—I need warriors."

Knowmore, her rainbow pelt contrasting against the shade of the forest, darted into the trees with a sleepy Datboi and a swollen Moonmoon stumbling behind her.

Brought to you by Rio.

Chapter 18 ~ The World Does Know

ˆ title requested by Rio

Chapter 18

Datboi stumbled into the forest, his eyes drooping from lack of sleep. He longed to run back and grab his unicycle, but he thought Knowmore might exile him if he wasted anymore time. He could hear the screeching of Mahboi and Trappaw fighting this mystical being, odd coloured and rogue, and he shuddered.

They burst through the bushes and attacked, the rogue thrown off his paws by the mass of cats. Moonmoon slunk back, heavily pregnant, and wandered towards the injured Trappaw, staring blankly at him as he struggled against his wounds. She was a little sadistic, and it put the apprentice on edge.

Datboi pounced, leaping onto the rogue and shredding at him, angered and finally awake. He put up a fight, but he was no match for the green-furred tom.

"What do you want?" hissed the rogue, then shook his head quickly. "Never mind."

In that moment of distraction, Datboi got was on top of the rogue, preparing to do a trick move and knock him unconscious. Feinting right and striking right, he was shocked as the rogue dodged away from his blow.

Slowing down slightly after his missed blow, Datboi wondered, *How did he know I was going to do that?!*

As Knowmore rounded on the cat and leapt for his head, the blue-and-green rogue ducked under her and rocketed up, sending her flying into the air and collapsing, winded.

Datboi watched in shock. *How..?*

Running angrily toward the rogue, Datboi lunged. His claws met with only empty air as the strange tom somehow ducked out of the way and kicked Datboi in the chest.

Datboi collapsed, the wind leaving his lungs.

Moonmoon stared at the rogue in terror from her spot next to Trappaw and the unconscious Mahboi.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" commented the strange cat.

Datboi struggled to his paws, knowing better than to attack. "Who-who are you?"

"The omniscient being known as **THEWORLD**."

"Omni-what?" asked Moonmoon, still frozen.

"All-knowing," explained Theworld, as if speaking to a kit.

"You look weird," muttered Datboi, a bit salty over his defeat.

"And you all don't?"

"Fair point," muttered Knowmore, glancing down at her own rainbow pelt and struggling to her feet.

Datboi looked from Theworld's blue and green pelt to his own green one. He didn't reply.

Knowmore took a breath and opened her mouth to say something.

"And yes, I do believe that knowledge is important and that you are hot." Theworld now sat meditatively in the center of the clearing, his front paws touching and his back legs crossed underneath him.

Knowmore's eyes widened and she fell back down. Trappaw promptly passed out.

"W-what did you do to--" began Moonmoon weakly.

"Mahboi?"

"Yes...is she going to be ok?"

An awkward silence ensued, and Moonmoon started to dig herself into a hole. "*I'm a nice werewolf ok"*

"Anyway, would you--" Knowmore began.

"--like to go to your camp? Of course I would," finished Theworld.

"About Mahboi and Trappaw..." started Datboi, gesturing at their limp bodies.

"Yes, let's go to camp," said Theworld loudly.

Shrugging, the Datboi and Knowmore sling the two unconscious cats over their backs and begin to escort Theworld to the camp, Moonmoon following.

Started by someone and finished by Ember :)

Chapter 19: #1 Dad

Theworld proceeded to take the lead in wandering back to MemeClan, his all-knowing status allowing him to recognise the path immediately. Knowmore carried Mahboi upon her back, while Datboi dragged Trappaw behind him, and much to his discontent, Moonmoon walked gently beside the mystical rogue, her pregnant belly swinging uncomfortably close to the floor. He scowled.

"So, uh, where do you come from?" Knowmore asked, attempting to break the silence.

Theworld sighed. "I come from the world, duh. I am the feline equivalent to this world we stand on."

She nodded, understanding his point, before furrowing her brow in confusion. "Is that what the world really looks like? Some three day old kit's artwork?"

Theworld nodded, rather offended. "Yes, in perspective, the world looks like this, but to us felines, it looks like a rather large image of Pepestar, with the chins emphasised of course."

Datboi grumbled at the mention of his father, and Theworld smirked at his unhappiness. "Aren't you just the luckiest kit in the world to have Pepestar for a father?"

His mocking tone sent shivers down his spine, and he focused on dragging Trappaw back to camp and ignored his mocking tone. However, Theworld continued.

"Wouldn't it be nice to be a father one day? To have kits of your own, huh Datboi?" he questioned him, smirking.

Datboi frowned, confused. "I'm a meme, we don't have kits. They fall from the sky from unicycles and the memes below catch them."

Theworld cooed at him as they pulled up into MemeClan camp,

making him feel as small as possible. "Aw, little Datboi still believes the stories his mummy told him when he was a kit!"

As the cats pulled their unconscious friends into MemeClan, they were immediately greeted by Badluck, who tripped over the nearest twig on the way there. As he grabbed Mahboi from Knowmore and prompted Datboi to bring Trappaw to the medicine den, Theworld giggled.

"Bad luck?" he murmured to Badluck, who rolled his eyes at the joke he was certain he might've heard before in his many moons in MemeClan. Just maybe.

"Will they be okay?" Knowmore questioned him as he began to tend to their wounds, starting with the younger cat first. He held a terrified face upon him as he gazed down upon his injured Clanmates.

"I hope so..." he sighed, continuing restlessly as Theworld began to speak over him.

"So, I assume there's been a question on everyone's mind recently," he began, receiving a few knowing glances as other cats began to gather round.

"The meaning of life!" shouted one in a squeaky voice.

"My purpose in this world..." another dreary voice contributed.

"How many chins I truly have!" Pepestar called from the Meme Rock, puffing out his prestigious green chest.

Theworld shook his head, irritated. "No, you fools! Have you not noticed Moonmoon?"

The Clan looked towards her pregnant belly and commuted in understanding of the question in paw. Theworld presented her like an object, displaying her for her Clan to see.

"The one question we've all been waiting to answer... WHO'S THE DADDY?"

Cheers erupted from the Clan as toms stepped forward to claim their parenthood over Moonmoon's kits, all of them worthy candidates. Cneclaw with his muscular figure stepped forward, Twentyone with his wonderful singing an existential vibes, and even Deadclapper, the dead clapper, attempted to prove his worth. Theworld looked over them all, smirking.

"You're all fakes! None of you are the father, step back!" he screeched, and the hopeful toms resigned.

Theworld turned his back on the Clan and wandered into the medicine den, looking over Badluck's hard work. He smirked, turning back.

"You want to know who the father is?" he asked MemeClan, calm, and their response with unanimous.

"Well, the father is...!"

Knowmore received a sparkly envelope from a mystical force and handed it to Theworld, who opened it promptly and read the name.

"Datboi."

"What?"

"I said Datboi."

"..."

"..."

"O SH*T WADDUP."

~Written by the Memetastic Hazel~

Chapter 20 [EPILOGUE] : A New Meme

PREVIOUSLY ON MEMECLAN

"Who is this oversized six-year-old's art project?" cried Datboi, outraged by the sight of Theworld.

"I am the universe you stand on now, green-furred hooligan!" Theworld cried at the top of his lungs.

"Do your quarrel sir? DOES THOU BITE THOU'S THUMB?" proclaimed Knowmore and Trappaw, their old English was lit m8 init fiyaaaaah.

Theworld shrugged. "Sure." He proceeded to beat the living dank out of Knowmore and Trappaw.

"WHO IS THE FATHER?" called Jeremykyle, raising his paws in the air.

"Me!" cried one.

"Me!" cried another.

"We'll see what the DNA test has to say!" Theworld/Jeremykyle cried, and within his envelope, he revealed the true father of Moonmoon's babies!

He sighed. "Here come Datboi's kids, o mistakes waddup."

"Hot damn," replied MemeClan.

All was not well within MemeClan as Moonmoon lay wheezing inside the medicine den. Badluck attempted to console her and offered her gifts of dank supplies and the freshest memes, but

nothing could ease her pain. She laid screeching as her kits pushed, and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

"Can't you use herbs? You're a medicine cat!" protested Datboi, somewhat interested in the birth of his kits.

Badluck shrugged. "It's your call, every time I give herbs to cats they usually die."

Theworld sighed. "Bad day?"

It was the great and marvellous Pepestar that shocked the Clan as he rose from his slumber, his ginormous green figure swaying through the camp as he dropped by the observe the situation. he rested his tail upon his son's shoulder, gazing thoughtfully upon the scene of his grandkit's birth.

"Look at that son, that, it the miracle of the world," he reminded him.

"I'm not the father!" Theworld growled, repulsing.

Pepestar rolled his eyes. "I've important white supremacy conspiracies to solve, tell me when they're born."

Ad his father departed, Datboi's face grew graver as Moonmoon became closer and closer to giving birth. Thoughts rushed through his mind of parenthood, of sleepless nights and endless mewling. The commitment was too much for him, his heart began to race, would he be up to the challenge of parenting?

Wait, I'm not the mother, I don't have to do anything! Datboi felt at ease.

"Push, Moonmoon!" Badluck cried over her screams as the first kit began to appear. Datboi rushed over to the mother of his kits, standing awkwardly over her. This was not the moment Moonmoon had wished for, but it would have to do.

"It's coming! It's coming!" Badluck rejoiced, retrieving the first kit from her. Datboi strained to see his first kit, but it wasn't long before the next one was on it's way.

"How many are there?!" Datboi creased, unable to look at the scene before him. Badluck sighed.

"Over 9000."

"WhAT?!" Datboi cried, outraged.

Badluck giggled. "I'm kidding, there's only three."

As the second kit made an appearance, Moonmoon began to relax as the third one stopped in its tracks. Datboi got a better look of his kits as Badluck stopped to examine them. The Clan waited in awe at the news, the news of the kits that had been the talk of the year.

"There's three, and the first two are here! One tom and one she-kit!" he announced, and the Clan cheered.

Datboi observed his son first, a glistening white tom with red patches to resemble his unicycle, a sight to be marvelled at; he certainly picked up his good looks, despite looking nothing like him... shi-. His daughter however was green all over with a few tufts of white that sparkled in the non-existent sunlight. But there was still one more, another kit to make an interest, and as Moonmoon groaned, the third kit was born!

A bright light emerged as the last kit came into the world, a glistening angel in the starlight. Datboi squinted to catch a glimpse, and there he saw the embodiment of Pepestar before his very eyes, only smaller, kit-size. His joy overflowed, but then he remembered, the reincarnation of Pepestar was to happen when... Oh no...

"Pepestar is dead!" Kardashiancry announced, pleased beyond belief. "You shall now know me as Kardashianstar, leader of MemeClan!"

The Clan wearily cheered her name as they focused on the kits, but Datboi was too heartbroken to speak. His father was dead.

"Hey," Moonmoon grasped his attention, "I know your Dad's dead, but do you want to name 'em?"

He nodded gently. "I want to name our son Wearenumberkit, so that

when he's older I can bless him with the name of the most musical of memes."

Moonmoon nodded. "I would like to name our daughter Starkit, the very greatest meme in the history of all Clans."

Gazing down at their last kit, they shared a knowing glance. "And our youngest son... is Pepekit."

Badluck wiped away his tears, bouncing upon the highest rock to deliver the news. "Two sons and a she-kit, please welcome Wearenumberkit, Starkit and Pepekit to our wonderful Clan!"

"Wearenumberkit! Starkit! Pepekit!" the Clan cheered.

Datboi gazed into the moonlight as the sun fell upon his family, all asleep below him. He smiled, basking in the light, and as his father's face appeared in the large moon above him, he closed his eyes and murmured for only Pepestar to hear.

"It was... dank fam lmao init syke m8 yeah boiiiiiiiiii WE ARE NUMBER ONE HEY!"

DA, DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA, DA, DA DA DA DA, DA, DA DA, WE ARE NUMBER ONE

WE ARE NUMBER ONE

WE ARE NUMBER ONE

HEY

HEY!"

curtain falls

Fin

~Hazel ended this beautiful book, thanks for being memetastic~